



Ursinus College

Digital Commons @ Ursinus College

Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898

The Historical Society of Trappe, Collegeville,
Perkiomen Valley

8-17-1893

Providence Independent, V. 19, Thursday, August 17, 1893, [Whole Number: 948]

Providence Independent

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/providence>



Part of the American Politics Commons, Cultural History Commons, Social History Commons, and the United States History Commons

[Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.](#)



ACCEPT THE TRUTH WHEREVER FOUND. || DO RIGHT FOR THE SAKE OF RIGHT

Volume 19.

Collegeville, Pa., Thursday August 17, 1893.

Whole Number: 948.

J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, Pa. Office at his residence, nearly
opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, Pa. Office Hours - Until 9
a. m.; 7 to 9 p. m.

E. A. KRUSEN, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician,
COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Office Hours - Until 9
a. m.; 6 to 8 p. m.

S. B. HORNING, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, Pa. Telephone in office.
Office Hours until 9 a. m.

D. R. F. PLACE,
Dentist,
311 DEKALB ST., NORRISTOWN, PA.
Branch Office - Collegeville - Tuesday, every
week. Gas administered.

Cheapest Dentist in Norristown.
N. S. Borneman, D. D. S.,
209 SWEDEN STREET, (first house
below Main Street, NORRISTOWN, PA.
(Formerly of Boyertown.)
The only place where Pure Nitrous Oxide
(Laughing Gas) is made a specialty for the
painless extraction of teeth. Artificial sets from
\$5 to \$10. English and German spoken.

EDWARD E. LONG,
Attorney-at-Law,
and Notary Public. Settlement of Estates a
Specialty. Also general Real Estate Business.
OFFICE - 415 Swede Street opp. Court House.
RESIDENCE and EVENING OFFICE - North cor.,
Marshall & Stanbridge Sts., NORRISTOWN, Pa.

AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Land Title and Trust Co., Building, Nos. 608 and
610 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Room 22. Take the Elevator. Practices also in
Montgomery county. Norristown Address,
556 Stanbridge St.

MAYNE R. LONGSTRETH,
Attorney-at-Law,
Land Title and Trust Company Building, 608
and 610 Chestnut Street, Phila., Pa.
Room 23.

HOBSON & HENDRICKS,
Attorneys-at-Law,
NORRISTOWN AND COLLEGEVILLE.
All legal business attended to promptly. Also
agents for first-class Stock Fire Insurance Com-
panies. Mr. Hendricks will be at his College-
ville Residence every Tuesday all day.

J. M. ZIMMERMAN,
Justice of the Peace,
COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Legal Papers, Bonds,
Deeds, &c., executed and acknowledgments
taken. Conveyancing and Real Estate
business generally attended to. The
clerking of sales a specialty.

JOHN S. HUNSICKER,
Justice of the Peace,
RAHN STATION, Pa. Conveyancer and Gen-
eral Business Agent. Clerking of Sales
attended to. Charges reasonable.

ANTHONY RICHARDSON,
Real Estate, Insurance
AND GENERAL BUSINESS AGENT.
508 SWEDEN STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.
Farms bought and sold, or exchanged, for city
properties. Ideally.

A. J. TRUCKESS,
-TEACHER OF-
Vocal & Instrumental Music,
PROVIDENCE SQUARE, PA. Organs tuned
and repaired. 144p17.

EDWARD DAVID,
Painter and
Paper-Hanger,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Samples of paper
always on hand.

DAVID BROS.,
Plumbers,
Gas and Steam Fitters,
OFFICES - 1224 North 10th St., & 2816 Germain-
town Avenue, Philadelphia. Country work
a specialty. Estimates furnished.

L. B. WISMER,
Practical Slater,
COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Always on hand roofing
slate, slate flagging and roofing felt. All
orders promptly attended to. Also on
hand a lot of greystone flagging.

J. P. KOONS,
Practical Slater,
RAHN STATION, Pa. Dealer in every quality
of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates.
Send for estimates and prices.

HENRY WISMER,
Trappe, Pa.,
Dealer in Milk, Butter, Eggs and Vegetables,
Visits Trappe, Collegeville and vicinity every
morning. No pains spared to give patrons
satisfaction. 59ma.

DR. H. P. KEELY,
VETERINARIAN,
SCHWENKSVILLE, PA.
(Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.)
All Diseases of Horses and of Other
Domesticated Animals Carefully
Treated.

SPECIALTIES: DENTISTRY AND SURGERY.

D. C. DETWILER,
Veterinary Surgeon,
IRONBRIDGE, PA.
OFFICE: At the residence of Enos H. Detwiler.

MAGGIE MACGREGOR,
Dressmaker,
COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Will take work at home
or can be engaged by the week.

MATTIE POLEY,
Dressmaker,
TRAPPE, Pa. Will take work at home or can
be engaged by the week.

MRS. S. L. PUGH,
TRAPPE, Pa., Attends to laying out the
dead, shroud-making, &c.

W. L. GEORGE,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Shaving and Hair Cutting Parlor.
HAZARDS PUT IN FIRST - CLASS ORDER.
Opp. Gristock & Vanderslice's.

JOSEPH STONE,
Carpet Weaver,
COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL. Rag carpet woven
in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Good rag carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

F. W. SCHEUREN,
Tonsorial
ARTIST!
COLLEGEVILLE,
PENNA.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing, &c.
Ladies' Bang Cutting a Specialty. The
best establishment in town.
Parlor Opposite Post Office.



THE FUGITIVES.
BY LOUIS J. ALBRIGHT.

Not more than two miles from the present business portion of Pittsburg there stood, in the year 1754, a small log cabin, the property and home of Amos Gordon. A trapper by occupation, he sought to add to his table those luxuries which the poetic ruralist now terms "garden sass." For the carrying out of this ambition he had cleared off about three acres of land and planted it with the limited variety and amount of seed procurable.

His daughter and only child, named Leota in honor of a noted Indian chieftainess, proved an admirable housekeeper, and, all things considered, Amos would have been tolerably well contented had it not been for the hostilities which were being carried on with increasing warmth between the French and their red allies and the English colonists.

Up to the time of which I write he had been unmolested, being on friendly terms with the neighboring tribes of Indians; but how long this state of things would continue was merely a matter of conjecture.

Of course Leota had a lover; and one evening, as she and Wade Volance strolled under a row of sycamores, the young man thought that life was almost precious enough to make a coward of him.

"Is it not beautiful here?" Leota asked, as they paused on the brink of the river and gazed across to where the glossy surface reflected the brilliant-tinted trees upon the island.

"It is indeed," he declared fervently, studying the dreamy look in her eyes as if he could better comprehend beauty when mirrored there.

Suddenly she started, and a thrill of alarm drove the color from her face. Quickly following her glance, he saw a canoe containing half a dozen Indians glide out from under the trees on the opposite bank and drop quietly down the stream.

"I don't like that," he said gravely. "There is no telling what devilment they may be up to."

Leota looked anxious. "Of late the very forest whispers warnings of danger," she said tremulously.

"Still there may be no occasion for alarm," Wade hastened to reassure her. "The French will not cause any trouble unless interfered with."

"Be not deceived, my brother." The words, spoken in the low, thick utterance peculiar to the red man, startled them both; but their alarm quickly vanished as an old Indian advanced from behind one of the trees.

"Daonta! What do you mean?" Wade asked.

"I have lived long," he replied, his eyes resting upon the slow moving water. "I have seen many winters when the brooks stood still in their course and the deer sought in vain to drink. I have seen the trees turn to blood until I can no more number the times. I have learned much." Turning, he fixed his piercing gaze upon Leota. "The daughter of Keen Eye is fair," he said. "More eyes than Daonta's have seen this."

The young pioneer started. "What do you mean?"

"Jacques Le Siebert!" Leota started as her lover uttered the name. This Frenchman had, in his half arrogant, half persuasive way, been paying attentions to her which which he well knew were disagreeable, ending at last in a proposal which met a prompt refusal. She knew instinctively that he was a bad man, caring little for the means used as long as his ends were attained.

Daonta drew nearer, and lowering his voice, said impressively,—"Listen, my children! The tomahawk of the red man is in his hand; it is bloody with the life of the pale face. Go! Fly from a land that will soon be red as the leaves of yon trees. Already the young men lie hid like snakes in the forest."

"They will not attack us. Amos Gordon has only friends here."

The eyes of the aged Indian glinted as he replied,—"The little chief of the French and five red warriors will burn the cabin of Keen Eye over his head. When darkness hides the earth they will come."

Turning quickly, he disappeared before the young man could ask more. Amos Gordon had once saved the life of Daonta, and the savage had now risked it to warn him of danger.

Returning to the cabin, the young people related their story to the trapper. He listened calmly, and remained a time in deep thought before he spoke.

"There's no help for it, they are too many. We must leave our home to the tender mercies of these cut-throats and seek a place of safety."

Taking his rifle he went out to reconnoitre, and in about an hour returned with the intelligence that a watch had been placed upon the house.

"We will wait till night, and then embark in the canoe," he said.

Preparations were made for an immediate departure, and when the shadows began to creep over the land all was in readiness. The plan proposed was to proceed down the river a short distance and then try to make their way eastward.

At nine o'clock the silver rim of the moon appeared above the horizon, flooding forest and stream with her soft radiance.

"We must go at once," Gordon decided. The cabin contained two rooms. Allowing the candle to burn in one, as a blind to any lurking foe without, they entered the other. Here they noiselessly opened the outer door and quietly passed out. Keeping well in the shadows they crossed the clearing in the direction of a clump of underbrush in which their canoe lay concealed.

Scarcely had they gained cover when Wade pointed out a number of shadowy figures stealing from a thicket to the left in the direction of the house.

"We must make haste," Gordon whispered. "The red hounds will soon be after us."

The canoe was quickly drawn from its concealment and launched. It was composed of bark, and constructed in the manner of those in common use among the Indians. Everything being in readiness, they prepared to push off when an appalling chorus of yells, such as could only emanate from the throats of Hurons, caused them to pause a moment. At the same instant a bright flame lighted up the scene, telling them the house had been fired.

Amos set his teeth firmly; it was hard to know that the home in which he had spent so many happy days was being destroyed; but there was no time for vain regrets or thoughts of revenge, and in another moment the boat was gliding down stream, closely hugging the wooded shore. Wade Volance occupied the rear seat, Leota the centre, and her father the bow. Each was provided with a paddle, Leota handling hers in a manner that spoke of long acquaintance with the management of this species of water craft.

The cries of the savages had ceased, and silence profound rested upon the river; only the roaring and crackling of the flames, subdued by the rapidly increasing distance, broke the stillness. At each dip of the paddle the light canoe shot forward, skimming over the water like a bird in air, with only a ripple now and then to tell of its passage.

Suddenly a loud, vibrating cry, coming directly from the direction of the burning cabin, then all was silent as before. The wily Frenchman had placed a sentinel to guard the river, and cut off all chance of escape!

Each heart beat louder, and each pair of arms drove the paddles into the water with a fiercer energy as the fugitives realized that only after a long, stern chase could they hope to escape. Ten, twenty minutes passed, and Leota was beginning to feel more at ease. There was no sign of pursuit; quiet brooded over the scene. Keeping well in the shadows cast by the trees, they listened to catch some sound indicating that they were fol-

lowed, but in vain; the almost unendurable stillness remained unbroken.

"We shall soon know whether or not we are followed, Leota," Volance whispered in the girl's ear.

She nodded comprehendingly. Just at that point the river made a bend and ran almost directly westward; in a short time they were out from the shadows, and plainly visible in the moonlight.

"If any of those devils are about they'll see us plain enough now," said Amos, grimly.

Leota laid her hand on his arm. "Father, you will not let me fall into their hands alive?" she whispered.

A groan broke from the old man's lips. "May God keep me from shedding the blood of my own child!" he said, and Leota was answered.

Wade had not spoken, but his bronzed face had lost its color, and the eyes which met Leota's were dim.

One, two minutes passed. Then from the ragged boundary line of shade from which they had just emerged a dark object swept out. It was a canoe, and at least six dusky warriors drove it forward in swift pursuit.

A thrill of despair ran through the hearts of the fugitives; the cruel tenacity with which the Hurons would follow a trail or pursue an enemy was known to them. Nerved with the energy born of despair, they plied the paddles with renewed vigor. But how could the strength of three, and one a woman, contend with that of six?

This was the question Wade Volance asked himself, and his quick brain began to plan a way out of the difficulty. At each dip of their paddles the project became clearer, and by the time they had gone a quarter of a mile he had worked out the problem. It was hazardous in the extreme, but there was nothing the young pioneer would not have dared to save Leota's life.

The river made another bend, and they were about to plunge once more into the shadows. Softly laying aside the paddle, Wade drew forth his hunting knife and ran his thumb over the edge; it was keen as a razor. Then he prepared to act.

They had gone some distance when a strange commotion in the pursuing boat caused Leota and her father to glance backward. To their dismay they discovered that the seat occupied by Wade Volance was empty. At the same time cries of surprise and consternation reached them through the partial gloom; then all was still again.

When the young pioneer dropped quietly over the stern of the canoe into the river he had one settled object in view—to cripple or destroy the pursuing boat at any cost. Being perfectly at home in the water he did not doubt his ability to accomplish his purpose. The one thing he feared was that the Indians might change their course and thus frustrate his design.

Fortunately this catastrophe did not occur; the Hurons, urged on by the villainous Frenchman, bore down directly upon him. Completely occupied in watching the canoe ahead, they saw nothing of the face that noiselessly rose and sank directly in their path, and rode straight over it.

The first intimation they had of Volance's presence was a hand raised above one side of the canoe clutching a large knife. This was the supreme moment to the daring young pioneer. With all the nervous strength of his being he bore down on the bark gunwale. The tense fibres parted before the keen blade, and in a moment, cut nearly to the hilt, the frail craft collapsed.

Instantly Wade sank beneath the water and struck out, not in the direction of the shore, but, as near as he could judge, toward the middle of the stream. His knife was broken short off, and he had no desire to enter into a hand-to-hand conflict with such overwhelming numbers; which would undoubtedly occur if he reached the bank.

Rising to the surface at a considerable distance from the capsized boat, he took another breath and sank again, repeating the manoeuvre until well out of the dangerous vicinity. Then he struck out boldly for the opposite shore. He swam bravely for a time but at length, completely exhausted, was about to give up the struggle when his hand struck something solid; it proved to be the limb of a floating tree. Drawing himself upon this welcome support, he lay and waited.

The moon rose higher and higher, shortening the dense shadows. The same absolutely silence held sway. There was no sign of friend or enemy. An hour passed; then a sound at no great distance caught his attention. As he listened it grew nearer. Was it friend or foe?

Suddenly a canoe came out into a patch of moonlight, and he recognized Leota and her father.

"Amos!" he softly called.

The sound of their paddles ceased almost instantly.

"Who spoke?" came back in a cautious voice.

"Volance—I am here."

There was a suppressed exclamation, and then the canoe was headed toward him. A few moments later the three were once more together.

Without any other notable adventure they were enabled to carry out their first project. Upon reaching the settlement the young couple were united, but not before an Indian runner had brought the intelligence that Jacques Le Siebert had met his death by drowning in the waters of the Ohio.—*Waverley Magazine.*

BETWEEN TRUE AND FALSE.

Belle Chester lived in the country; but you need not infer from that fact that she was one of those unsophisticated, uncorseted, milk and water lasses whom fiction clads in a perpetual robe of innocence and blue cambric. Not so my heroine. She possessed a not-give-in-sort-of-air, quite different from the open-your-arms-and-I'll-fall-into-them style. She had a sweet face, lit up by a pair of bright brown eyes; a saucy red mouth, a plump, graceful figure, and a pair of small brown hands that never knew the thing they could not do. She was her mother's assistant, her father's sunbeam, and by right of her beauty and cleverness, the belle of the village. Do you like her?

Of course Belle had lovers without number, whom she teased shamelessly, and many a young man departed from her with a sore heart. The most eligible suitor was Richard Henderson, the son of a wealthy farmer. He was an only child, and his father had given him a college education. Belle and he had been playmates ever since they could remember. It was "Dick" who took her to school on his sled, Dick who went berrying with her and slyly emptied the contents of his pail into her little red basket; Dick who mounted her on the old gray mare and fastened her chubby pink hands in the horse's mane with boyish pride, had given her the first riding lesson; Dick who had taught her to row a boat and to skate; Dick, in fact, who had been all in all in childhood and through the first years of girlhood. But when Belle had done up her soft brown hair, there had come numerous suitors on the field, and Dick was one of the many.

Now in her secret heart Belle thought that Dick's tall finely knit figure, big, broad shoulders which looked capable of bearing many burdens besides his own, and kindly blue eyes, were splendid—and she told him so? Indeed, she did no such thing. She teased and petted, coaxed and scolded him alternately, and withal thought him the dearest boy in the world until Lionel Paxton, a man from Boston, came down to rusticate at the village hotel. Belle's bright, sparkling beauty attracted him at once, and he straightway began showing her the most marked attention.

Expecting to find in her a shy maiden who would blushingly shrink from his ardent, not to say bold, glances, he found a girl who returned his stare with interest, always gave him a Roland for his Oliver, was never shy before "his lordship," as she privately dubbed him, and seemed to take delight in snubbing him. But despite her snubbings Belle could not help contrasting the slow young man with the youths of the village, and rather admired his band-boxy appearance and little graces of speech. Of late she had been very gracious to Lionel Paxton, and twice declined Dick's escort from church.

One morning in the middle of June Belle donned her big brown hat and prepared to go berrying. She walked to the end of the path where lay the pond, calm, beautiful, serene, on the other side of which the berries could be found. With one stroke from the strong young arms the little craft sped lightly over the waters.

Voices from the shore attracted her attention, and turning, she beheld Dick and Lionel Paxton. From their disappointed faces she judged that they had both been about to request a morning's row. She fell into a little reverie of which Lionel Paxton was the subject, and forgot that she was in a slight craft in over thirty feet of water. A cold sensation at her feet caused her to look down. The boat was leaking, and already the water reached the top of her shoe.

With a cry she turned toward the bank where stood the two men.

"Lionel—Dick—save me!" she cried. "The boat is filling!"

Paxton heard, and stood motionless, undecided what to do. But Dick, in less time than it takes to tell, had cast aside coat and boots, and was swimming toward the little craft that held the most precious burden in the world to him. Putting his arms around her, he said in voice as calm as the situation allowed,—

"Don't cling to me, darling. I will save you."

Now if Belle had been the heroine of a novel she would have looked with soft eyes into Dick's face and discovered that she adored him. On the contrary, directly after she reached the bank she ran home to change her wet garments, without so much as a word to the man who had saved her life.

A half hour later, after she had made her toilet, Lionel Paxton, who, with Dick, had followed her, gracefully offered his congratulations upon her escape.

"I never was so terrified in my life, Miss Belle—you know I wasn't," he said. "I shall never forgive myself for letting Henderson get ahead of me. But these cool fellows are all head, you know—no heart to bother them, and—"

He paused for Belle was looking past him to where Dick stood with a world of love and tenderness in his eyes; going to him she held out her hands, and in a soft voice said,—

"Thank you Dick."

How could she ever have thought Lionel Paxton's steel blue eyes handsome? How weak were the lips under the blond moustache!

"Dear, good, honest Dick," she thought. "What a foolish girl I have been!" And so that night, when, sitting in the pleasant parlor with its cool, neat furniture, and the fragrance of roses and honeysuckle coming in from the open windows, Dick asked Belle to give into his keeping the life he had saved, that he might cherish it so long as his own should last, she looked up with a great deal of tenderness in her eyes as he answered,—

"Yes, Dick, I will pull in the same boat with you to the end."—*Waverley Magazine.*

His Wit Saved Him.

Although it is a familiar saying that an Irishman is always spoiling for a fight, still there is one kind of fighting to which even the brave sons of Erin are sometimes averse—that is dueling. A story well illustrating this fact has recently come to us.

A certain Irishman, having been challenged to fight a duel, accepted the conditions after much persuasion on the part of his friends who felt confident of his success. His antagonist, a lame man, walked on crutches.

When the place for shooting had been reached, the lame man's second asked that he be allowed to lean against a mile stone which happened to be there. The privilege was allowed and the lame man took his stand.

The Irishman and his seconds drew off to the distance agreed upon—one hundred feet. Here Pat's courage suddenly failed him, and he shouted to the lame man,—

"I've a small favor to ask of ye, sor?"

"What is it? asked the cripple.

"Pat answered,—

"I told ye that ye might lean agin' the mile-post, and now I would like the privilege of leaning agin' the next one."

The laughter which followed spoiled everybody's desire for a fight, and the whole party went home without a shot having been fired.

Not His Business.

An old custom once prevailed in a remote place of giving a clock to any one who would truthfully swear he had minded his own business alone for a year and a day, and had not meddled with his neighbors'. Many came, but few, if any, gained the prize, which was more difficult to win than the Dummock fitch of bacon. Though they swore on the four gospels, and held out their hands in certain hope, some hitch was sure to be found somewhere; and for all their assertions the clock remained stationary on its shelf, no one being able to prove his absolute immunity from uncalled-for interference in things not in any way concerning himself. At last a young man came with a perfectly clean record, and the clock seemed as if it was at last about to change owners. Then said the custodian:—

"Oh, a young man was here yesterday, and made mighty sure he was going to have the clock, but he didn't."

Said the young man seeking the prize:—

"And why didn't he get it?"

"What's that to you?" snapped out the custodian; that's not your business, and—you don't get the clock."

Do Ants Talk?

This query is made by a writer, and he then goes on to say: "I one day saw a drove of the small black ants moving, perhaps to better quarters. The distance was some one hundred and fifty yards. Almost all which came from the old home carried some of the household goods. Some had eggs, some had what might have answered for their bacon or meat, some had one thing and some another. I sat and watched them closely for over an hour. I noticed that every time two met in the way they would hold their heads close together as if greeting one another; and no matter how

often the meeting took place this same thing occurred as though a short chat was necessary.

"To prove more about it, I killed one who was on his way. Others being eye-witnesses to the murder went with speed, and with every ant they met this talking took place as before. But instead of a pleasant greeting, it was sad news they had to communicate. I knew it was sad news, for every ant that these parties met hastily turned back and fled on another course, as much as to say:—

"For the king's sake and for your safety do not go there, for I have seen a monster, just behind, that is able to destroy us all at one blow. I saw him kill one of our family. I do not know how many more are killed."

So the news spread, and it was true. How was the news communicated, if not by speech?

Blasting in Dumbarton.

Thrilling adventures are sometimes to be met with in very unexpected quarters. One befell two young ladies on a high road not long ago. The husband of one of them had just bought her a new turnout, and she had taken a friend out for a drive, neither of them being accustomed to managing a horse. They chose a retired road, hoping to find some early primroses.

"Do you know, Bertha," said Mrs. Jack, suddenly, "I have never driven alone before?"

"Haven't you?"

"No."

"This is a very lonely place, and do you see those two men standing beside the road?"

"Yes; they look very queer."

The next moment a third man came into view; evidently they belonged together, and they stood staring at the two ladies in a way to excite suspicion.

"Turn round," said the second lady; "please do."

Mrs. Jack was trembling now.

"But I can't," said she. "The carriage will be sure to top over. I never turned around in my life."

"Well," said Bertha, who was the cooler of the two, "drive right on. Have the whip in your hand, and when you get opposite them let the horse have it. It is much better to be run away with and killed than to fall into the hands of such villains."

Every moment they were coming nearer to the desperadoes, and now one of them planted himself squarely in the middle of the road with the unmistakable intention of stopping the carriage.

Weak with terror Mrs. Jack pulled up the horse, forgetting the whip and everything else in her excitement.

"Ladies," said the man, "don't come any further. We're going to blast in a quarry a bit on. You had best get out and we'll hold your horse for you."

How Justice is Run.

The buckboard party was bowling along, and the tin horn was rasping the ears of the people in general.

"What air them folks blowin' that horn for?" asked a plain farmer-looking man.

"They want to attract attention to let people know what a time they are having," was the answer of a bystander.

"And they don't git run in?"

"Nope."

"Well, that's what I call a doggone outrage. Here, them fellers kin go along the street a-blowin' that cussed horn, and when I come to town last week, and was goin' home with a load of iron and—other stuff—and was hollerin' a few good old hollers to let the town know that old St. Brown was as good as anybody, the fool police ketchered me and I had to pay more'n fifteen dollars fine. That's the way justice is run in this country, anyhow."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Genius Gets a Thrust in the Ribs.

Thursday, Aug. 17, 1893.

Home Flashes and Sparks From Abroad.

Everything is ready to welcome rain; sure enough.

The Populists want Uncle Sam to buy all the railroads. By all means, let him do so and give the Populists free passes to Canada.

White pantaloons are at least attractive. Get a pair and keep out of the dust, if you can.

The Potstown trolley company carried 118,000 passengers during the first thirty-five days.

A trolley road from this place to Norristown would pay a good dividend the first year. Not much doubt about it.

S. B. Latshaw is selling well-secured bonds for the Home Water Company, of Royersford. See ad.

Thanks to neighbor David Culp for a basket of luscious pears.

A jury has declared Joseph Cowell, Lansdale, insane.

Milton Schrack, west of Trappe, has had his large frame house repainted by Jacob Lewis.

The panic is causing three traps to sleep under a bush where only one slept before.

Observe the advertisement of A. R. Hunsicker's livery, this place, in another column. He accommodates his patrons with good teams at fair prices.

The man who predicted rain last week is still carrying water and thinking about the wet weather last winter.

Charity Hospital, Norristown, is overcrowded and containing more patients now than at any time since its completion.

Saturday, September 2, will be the last day for the registration of citizens who will have the legal right to vote at the November election.

Chemists say that it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves, sauces, etc., if put in when they begin to cook, as it does to sweeten them after the fruit is cooked.

RELIGIOUS.

M. E. church, Evansburg. Sabbath school at 9.30 a. m., every Sabbath. Preaching, 10.45 a. m., and every Sabbath evening at 7.30.

Episcopal service at St. James' Evansburg every Sunday at 10.30 a. m., Sunday School, 2 p. m. Also a service at Royersford at 7 p. m. Rev. A. J. Barrow, Rector.

Divine service next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. There will be no evening service.

Divine service during the summer at Union church, near Shannonsville every Sunday morning at 10.30. In the afternoon throughout the year at St. Paul's Memorial church, near Oaks, at 3.30 o'clock. Strangers always welcome. Benj. J. Douglas, Rector.

Preaching at St. Luke's Sunday at 10 a. m. Young People's meeting at 7.45 p. m., when the pastor will continue the talks on the Pleasures of Life by delivering a short discourse on the Pleasures of "Books." Special music every Sunday evening. Solo by Miss Laura Wireback of Philadelphia. The annual Harvest Home Festival on Sunday, August 27th, at 10 a. m., when the church will be specially decorated, and the Infants will be sung by Miss Laura Wireback, supported by a large chorus. All invited.

Evangelical church services next Sunday at Schuylkill at 10 a. m.; at Limerick, 2.30 p. m.; at Trappe, 7.45 p. m., preceded by a song service beginning at 7.15.

URSINUS COLLEGE.

The 24th Academic year of Ursinus College Academy, College, and School of Theology will open on Monday, September 4, 1893. Examinations for admission to College Sept. 4th and 5th.

The installation of the President-elect, Rev. Henry T. Spangler, A. M., will take place on Wednesday morning, Sept. 6th. For information with reference to the College and Academy address the President-elect at Collegeville, Pa. Information concerning the School of Theology may be obtained from the Rev. Jas. I. Good, D.D., Dean, Reading, Pa.

PERSONAL.

Prof. Davis Garber and family, of Allentown, are visiting near relatives at the old Garber homestead, west of Trappe.

Miss Mattie Foote, of Woodbury, N. J., is visiting Miss Jessie Royer, of Trappe.

Rev. J. H. Hendricks, of this place, and his son-in-law Rev. C. E. Wehler, of Manheim, Pa., left here Monday morning for Ashbury Park, N. J., to attend the Sixth Annual Inter-Denominational Bible Conference. They expect to return to-morrow.

Mr. Harry Clayton, of Germantown, was the guest of Mr. Wm. Gristock and family, last week.

Mr. Reuben Weaver, of Lancaster, formerly with Paist Bros., this place, is in town visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. McDowell, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Rimby.

AN OLD TEACHER GONE.

Prof. John W. Arms, Principal of Arms' Academy, Pottstown, a teacher of 44 years' experience and a mathematician of note, died at Pottstown, Thursday. Death was due to apoplexy.

BASE BALL.

Last Saturday picked nines from Pottstown and this place engaged in a contest on Paist's island. The dexterous movements of the ball throwers and bat swingers resulted in a score of 8 to 7 in favor of Collegeville.

POLITICS.

At the recent meeting of the Democratic Standing Committee, September 12 was fixed as the date for the election of delegates to the Harrisburg Convention, and September 26 was named as the date for the County Convention.

ACCOMPLICES IN CRIME.

Alfred Sheeler, of Spring City, and J. Elwood Yeager, of Phoenixville, have been bound over to appear at West Chester court upon the charge of being accomplices of Bush, the notorious forger of Spring City, whose transactions came to light several months ago. The young men profess innocence.

SET ON FIRE.

A daring but unsuccessful attempt was made early Thursday morning to burn the grocery of B. F. Bard, Spring City. The flames were observed and extinguished before they had made much headway. The fire had been started on each side under the shelving. \$17 was missed from the money drawer.

STABBED.

The information is current that Michael Nevins, engineer at the almshouse, and assistant engineer Michael Conroy got into an encounter one day last week, when Conroy stabbed Nevins in the abdomen, inflicting a wound four inches long. The Directors should promptly investigate this matter.

AT LAMB HOTEL.

The register at J. B. Smoyer's Lamb hotel, Trappe, contains the names of the following summer guests from Philadelphia: Andrew Forbes and wife and daughters; Mrs. E. O'Neill, Mrs. J. R. Moyer, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Shupe, Miss Winnie Shupe, Mr. and Mrs. W. U. Moyer, Miss Olive Moyer, Mr. Daniel B. Smoyer, Mr. and Mrs. Ralf S. Arrison, and Mr. E. S. Rodgers.

AN AFTERNOON TEA.

Last Thursday afternoon, Miss Ida Robison entertained her friends in a most delightful manner at five o'clock tea given in honor of Miss Florence Sutliff of Philadelphia. Those who participated in the gayeties of the occasion were, Miss Sutliff and Mrs. Ruth of Philadelphia, Miss Annie Hunsicker of Ironbridge and Misses Laura Robison, Hendricks, Gross, Kraft, Harley and Royer.

UNION PICNIC.

The union picnic of Trappe, Schuylkill and Limerick Evangelical Sunday Schools will be held in Pennypacker's woods, near Schuylkill, on Saturday, August 19. The celebrated Conter Family of Hamburg, Pa., will furnish the music. Rev. J. A. Fager, a former pastor of Trappe circuit will be present to deliver an address. Refreshments will be furnished by the school.

CRUSHED UNDER A HORSE.

James Dorley, of Flourtown, this county, a young horseman employed on Mitchell Harrison's stock farm, at Chestnut Hill, met with a horrible death on Saturday, while training one of the horses to jump hurdles. In going over one of these the animal struck the top rail, falling heavily to the ground, as did also its rider. The animal fell on the young man, crushing in both his eyes, breaking his nose and jaws and crushing his face. Dorley expired a few hours after the accident.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Sarah Smith, aged 15 years, was shockingly and fatally burned at the home of Mrs. E. Trumbower, Ward street, Norristown, Monday afternoon. A can of gasoline was accidentally ignited, the flames communicating with Miss Smith's dress. Her body was soon blackened and blistered from head to foot in spite of the assistance of neighbors. She lingered in agony until 10 o'clock, when death ended her young life. The home of the deceased was at Broad Axe, this county.

THE DROUGHT.

The prolonged drought in this section is having a disastrous effect on the corn and potato crops. This is especially the case with the corn, which is in many instances fairly drying up in the fields. The late vegetation, and being seriously retarded in growth, and unless a soon coming less than half the usual yield will be obtained. The blackberry crop is almost a total failure. The streams and wells in this vicinity are very low and families depending on the latter for their water supply are using only what is actually necessary.

A BROTHER AND SISTER KILLED.

Friday Michael and Lorey Novaro, brother and sister, aged eight and ten years, were killed on the Phila. and Reading Railroad at Conshohocken. They were out picking coal about 6 a. m., and as an ice wagon crossed the tracks they climbed on. The wagon was struck by an east-bound passenger train and the little ones were instantly killed. The driver of the wagon, Albert Walters, was hurled 30 feet and afterwards picked up for dead. He regained consciousness and may recover. The children were Italians, and the distress of the parents when they saw the mangled forms of their children was pitiable in the extreme.

\$100 REWARD.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh of the Bladder. It is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, acting directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so far as is known cured thousands of cases, and they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for it of test. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by J. W. Culbert, Druggist, Collegeville, Pa., 75 cents.

LOCATING THE CAMP.

The commissioners appointed to purchase 250 acres of the ground embraced within the old encampment at Valley Forge have commenced the work assigned them. Mr. Stone, a member of the commission, is the secretary and librarian of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and through him the board has procured possession of an old map prepared under the direction of Lafayette. This will enable them to exactly locate and re-establish all the lines of the old camp.

A SHOCKING DEATH.

Michael F. Creeden, of Philadelphia, a brakeman on the North Penn Railroad, met with a shocking death near Souderton, Saturday morning. While engaged on the top of a car he was thrown underneath either by being struck by an overhead bridge or by the sudden relaxing of an unmanageable brake. The body was rolled under the wheels and dragged a considerable distance, and when picked up was an unrecognizable bloody mass of flesh and bones. The head was crushed off of the body, the left leg was cut off below the knee, and the right leg was horribly mangled.

C. E. PICNIC.

The Schuylkill Valley Association of the Y. P. S. C. E. picnic at Oak View Park on Saturday, was attended by about three hundred representatives from Pottstown, Phoenixville, Lansdale, Royersford, Collegeville, Trappe, Conshohocken, Bridgeport and Norristown. The program arranged for the afternoon was interrupted by rain at the conclusion of an address by J. C. Party, of Pottstown, who gave a resume of the International Convention held at Montreal, Canada, recently. Prof. George Stibitz, of Ursinus College, Collegeville, opened the exercises with prayer.

MONTGOMERY'S INCREASE IN POPULATION.

In 1880 Montgomery county had a population of 96,494; in 1890 it reached 123,390, an increase of 26,796.

In 1880 the neighboring counties of Bucks, Chester and Berks had a population of 274,734. In 1890 it was 297,319, an increase of 22,585.

Bucks county increased in 10 years, 3 per cent., Chester, 7 per cent., Berks, 12 per cent., and Montgomery 27 1/2 per cent.

AN ENVIABLE RECORD.

The increase in Montgomery was 4,211 more than in the other three counties combined.

FROM LIMERICK.

Master Harry Vandersloot is spending his vacation with his uncle B. Frank Garber.

Lillie H. Johnson is visiting relatives at Parkersford, Chester county, this week.

Nettie I. Gorbitt, of Trappe, has taken a vacation trip to Roxborough, Philadelphia and Ocean Grove, Miss. Gorbitt is a model Sunday school teacher and an active worker in every department of christian work.

A MISERABLE BLUNDER.

Elias Brendlinger, a well-to-do farmer of Zieglerville, was found lying unconscious at Nineteenth and Filbert streets, Philadelphia, Friday, the presumption being that he fell from the wagon. He was taken to the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital where his case was diagnosed by Dr. Dilts who gave the opinion that Mr. Brendlinger was drunk. He was afterwards removed to the Hahnemann Hospital where it was discovered that his skull was fractured. The injured man died Sunday night. Dr. Dilts, who made the incorrect diagnosis, has been suspended from the first named Hospital.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican County Convention to elect seven delegates to the State Convention was held at the Court House, Norristown, Tuesday, Chairman A. D. Fetterolf presiding. Only one ballot was necessary to elect the number of delegates required. The following gentlemen were chosen: E. S. Stahlnecker, Norristown, 228; A. G. Reiff, Franconia, 263; John Jones, Lower Gwynedd, 163; Joseph Bosler, Cheltenham, 236; H. H. Fetterolf, Upper Providence, 273; Wm. O'Brien, Pottstown, 272; George S. Lott, Moreland, 203. It will be noticed that H. H. Fetterolf, of this place, received the highest number of votes, which fact will entitle him to the chairmanship of the delegation. We congratulate our neighbor upon this evidence of his popularity.

DAMAGES AWARDED.

M. R. Peterman, Allen T. Keeley and A. C. Freed, the jury in the matter of opening a new road leading from the Dr. Hamer road to the Trappe thoroughfare leading to Ironbridge, having previously granted the road met last Thursday at the Freed House, Royersford, and assessed damages as follows: Abraham Buckwalter, released, granting the privilege of opening; Dr. James Hamer, \$34.65; Mrs. Brownback, \$34.51; Irwin Weikel, \$260.70; Dr. Lewis Royer, \$176.48; Edward Brownback, \$100.00, aggregating \$606.64. It is likely that another jury will be appointed to pass on the road, as the Reading Turnpike Company is averse to the road being opened.

THE OLD FOLKS OF UPPER PROVIDENCE.

The Montgomery Transcript published the names and age of 16 persons living in Skipack township who have attained the good old age of four-score years. Our neighbor and townsman, Mr. F. M. Hobson, has with commendable enterprise, taken the pains to gather the names and ages of the following 27 persons in our township of Upper Providence who have reached the age of 80 years, as follows: Dr. J. Warren Sunderland, Wm. Gristock, Chas. Cook and Mrs. Catharine Farnous, 80; Reuben Fleckenstein, 81; Jonas Bowman, Abm. Solomon, Jacob Harley, Wm. Prizer, Mrs. Wm. Yochem, Mrs. Esther Detwiler, and Mrs. Catharine Varwig, 82; Mrs. Judge Dismant and Jacob Espenshig, 83; Geo. V. Ozias, Mrs. John D. Hunsicker, Mrs. David Keyser, and Mrs. Samuel Garber, 84; David Keyser and Mrs. Anthony Custer, 85; Matthias Missimer, 86; Gideon Fetterolf, Sophia Kline, and Mrs. Underkoffler, 87; Amos Dismant, 88; Polly Espenshig, 90, and Mrs. Rev. Abm. Hunsicker, 94 1/2. Eleven of the aged persons named are residents of Collegeville, including Mrs. Hunsicker, who is perhaps the oldest lady in the county.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, try Electric Bitters. It cures directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c., at Culbert's Drug Store.

BARN BURNED.

The Swiss barn of Peter Boyer, of Upper Salford township, near Schuylkill, together with the surrounding outbuildings, crops, farming implements, four hogs, one calf and wagons, was destroyed by fire last Friday evening at a loss of about \$5000, which is partly covered by insurance in the Goshenhook Mutual Fire Insurance Company. The blaze was first discovered about 3.30 o'clock by one of the farm hands of Mr. Boyer, and he, after sounding an alarm, succeeded in rescuing two horses and twelve cows from the burning structure, which was two stories in height, half stone and half frame. The supposition prevails that the fire was the work of an incendiary, as investigation showed that it had started in the piggery, which was located about 20 feet from the barn.

NOT A PICNIC.

Yea, verily, the existence of a newspaper scribe is not a summer day picnic in the shade within reaching distance of lemonade, peach pie, and red ants. The scribe is doomed to wake from most any morning to meet before the old king of daylight goes to bed, various specimens of August sunburn, tall and short, lean and fat—representing idiosyncrasies firmly fixed by a long line of evolutionary descent—calculated to make him feel that life in the absence of some people would be as dull as a donkey's. The scribe can no more escape the frisky potency of the specimens than he can fly to Mars and sample the viands of the Maristes. He is bound to be caught now and then and wedged in between huge chunks of wisdom, there to swelter until the gods release their hold and he again becomes free to breathe in open space under a clear sky. And why shouldn't the scribe exist as a free-for-all helter-skelter hit him again? Why? Why of course he should. He must know that he lives in a world of ups and downs, with gods here and devils there, with sunshine on the mountain and deep mists in the valley. If he is criticised by the wise he must submit meekly and wonder why in creation his skull wasn't built thinner at the start and why some craniums don't bifurcate on a line with the occipital bone under pressure from within. Let him wonder and gain wisdom instead of being howled down in abasement in the presence of August superiority, and be a good boy. If he doesn't know how to report a report or size up a particular item of interest or a happening of prodigious importance, it is high noon for him to begin to know how instead of hunting a fence corner to engage in pessimistic reflections. A scribe is a scribe, and so long as he is a scribe he must be, not in the fullness of his imagination like some folks who know all about the work of a scribe at a safe distance from influences which induce free perspiration, but as a real scribe, however dull, inefficient, and unimaginative. If he wants to be something else he must go to mill for a while, and give the other fellow who knows a thing or two a chance to spread himself like unto a spreading of himself that he never experienced before.

FROM OAKS.

We are having a long dry spell and need rain badly. Yet we do not hear of a scarcity of water. The wells seem to hold out in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Kindig and sons left for the West last week. Will visit friends in Kansas and also the World's Fair.

At the time of the Colchower obsequies at Green Tree, Saturday last, an arm of fire was sounded, which proved to be a daylight blaze in an outbuilding or a necessary adjunct on the "Midway Pleasance." It was fortunately discovered in time, as the wind was high, and the surrounding buildings were frame; if communicated to them would have made a destructive fire in Green Tree village. Many speculations are rife as to its origin.

After waiting a full-sized half hour at the store for a ride home, the parson was compelled to walk, and it was "not on account of Eliza," either, but the fault of a Daisy from Dimple Hollow. She took the place reserved for the parson. Two is company, three is none.

Teddie says: "It is so delightful to be alone, more especially when your swate heart's wid' you."

The Canal Company leased the ferry that crosses the Schuylkill at the head of Pawling's Dam, from Mr. Ambler, paying him a stipulated price, for the season. Mr. Ambler has received no rent thus far, and now he has almost obstructed navigation by locking the ferry boat to a tree. Boat teams must go around by Shannonsville, crossing the bridge at about five miles, and are compelled to go about five miles, while the distance from the locks to the ferry is hardly a half-mile.

Seventy-five dollars for one thousand dollars in currency was demanded and as the Enamel Brick Company has paid their employees with checks,

You Russel Harrison whyfore you frowl dat sand in Gawge Washington's yers? I mind to pound you brack and blue."

Carnack, Taylor and Wright were chosen as delegates to the County Convention, at the Saturday night lower district.

Harold, seven years old, son of Joseph and M. J. Hopson, was buried from the residence of his grandfather John Brower, on Monday afternoon. Interment at Green Tree.

Ed. Colchower was buried on Saturday last. It hardly seems possible that Colchower should die. He had been feeling badly and did not get around among his customers week before last. Feeling better he went to Phoenixville and stopped in Wilkinson's Hardware store, where he complained of being sick. A doctor was sent for, who gave him some medicine, and when asked said he felt better. Wilkinson fixed a comfortable place for him in a chair, and he soon went to sleep. Wilkinson then went to dinner, and said he would bring him some dinner, as he might be hungry. On his return Colchower was still asleep, when he awakened, and it was half an hour afterwards when a customer came in and seeing Colchower, he said that man's dead; and sure enough the vital spark had fled. Verdict, heart disease. So passed away Ed. Colchower. His body was brought to his home at Pinetown and buried at Green Tree. He leaves a wife but no children.

Straw rides are all the go. A jolly one Saturday night visited Perkiomen Bridge.

A SNAKE IN HIS STOMACH.

ASHLAND, Pa., Aug. 11.—Anthony Rowland, a hotel keeper of this place, after suffering for several months from what he supposed was cramps, on Saturday night vomited a live carpet snake, nine inches long and thick as a lead pencil. Lately Rowland has been eating enough for two men, but is in an awfully emaciated condition. Drinking from a spring at night is probably how the snake got in his stomach.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Trinites, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Ringworm, Itch, Skin Eruptions, and positively cures all that can be cured. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by J. W. Culbert, Druggist, Collegeville, Pa.

INJURED BY A BLAST.

By the premature explosion of a blast in the stone quarry of Alexander Martin, Conshohocken, Friday afternoon, George Dettra was rendered sightless and Theodore Bickens was seriously injured. Both were workmen and had completed the drilling of a hole and were inserting a charge when the blast occurred. Both of them were blown about forty feet, and Dettra had both eyes rendered sightless and his hands and face were frightfully lacerated. Bickens had both arms broken, and his arms and body were burned by the powder.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR.

The Book of the Fair being issued in twenty-five parts or volumes at \$1 a part, by The Bancroft Company, Chicago, Illinois, is the most interesting and attractive publication of the present year. Part one has been issued from the press and a most beautiful and instructive book it is with its engravings and graphic descriptions pertaining not only to the Columbian Exposition but to all the World's Fairs since 1851. Send one dollar to the Company name and secure number one of the Book of the Fair. You will consider it a very good investment.

FROM IRONBRIDGE.

The condition of Carl Hunsicker's fractured arm is much improved and he will soon be able to have the splints removed.

Quite a number of pleasure seekers attended the sociable and enjoyed dancing at Thompson's Eagle hotel, Thursday evening.

This coming Saturday, August 19, the joint picnic of Ironbridge and Collegeville (Trinity) Sunday Schools will be held in Elias Kahn's woods. The Citizens' Band of East Greenville has been engaged for the day and a good time is in store for all.

D. M. Hunsicker has recently had his large mill repaired and on Monday morning operations were resumed.

XXX

FROM LIMERICK.

Master Harry Vandersloot is spending his vacation with his uncle B. Frank Garber.

Lillie H. Johnson is visiting relatives at Parkersford, Chester county, this week.

Nettie I. Gorbitt, of Trappe, has taken a vacation trip to Roxborough, Philadelphia and Ocean Grove, Miss. Gorbitt is a model Sunday school teacher and an active worker in every department of christian work.

Mrs. H. A. Cole is suffering with a severe attack of rheumatism.

The Reformed and Lutheran Sunday schools of Trappe will unite in holding a union celebration in the almshouse grove on Saturday, August 26. The Humane Band of Royersford will give a concert on that occasion.

E. L. Markley and family of the Grand Depot spent last week at Atlantic City.

A writer in the Royersford Tribune in making a plea for the organization of a literary society in that town, says: "If not then let us acknowledge the corn and confess that little Spring City is as far ahead of us in intellectual taste than a good juicy watermelon goes ahead of a pumpkin." In the light of this comparison we will find plenty of pumpkins in every community.

Rev. E. C. Hishman of Trappe, Rev. and Mrs. O. H. E. Rauch of Royersford and Miss Emma and Lizzie Reifsnider, Miss Nettie, Mrs. G. W. Fry and W. B. Johnson of Limerick, attended the Christian Endeavor picnic at Oak View, Norristown, last Saturday.

All editors and correspondents who are in want of news can sympathize with a certain western editor in his apology to his readers after this fashion: "We had expected to publish a death and a marriage this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding and the doctor being sick himself the patient recovered. Accordingly we were cheated out of both." This desire for news reminds us of the appetite a certain boy had for bread in days gone by when eye bread was vogue. He was privileged to attend a funeral in his neighborhood where what bread was served and it tasted so good that he wished for another funeral soon.

The services in St. Luke's church, Trappe, in connection with which Mr. Frescoln sang a fine solo, had reference to the drought and the pastor's eloquent remarks were based on Zachariah 10: 2. Israel's death similar to ours. Both had the early rains which caused the earth to put on a beauteous robe of green and the corn promised so well, but the latter rains did not come. Hence the grass is burnt to a crisp and the stalk of corn hardly able to hold the cob, weak, shriveled and dried. The text suggests a remedy: "Ask for rain." Will God hear? Elias prayed, a man of like passions with us; he prayed earnestly and it rained. An earnest prayer mixed with faith would produce the desired result in 48 hours. It is right to ask for temporal blessings. Again: God only can cause rain. True scientific inventions and discoveries have effected it, but only by divine permission. God is the rain drops' Father and He alone can give showers of rain. Once more: Love will insure an answer; for Love is the birth and answer of prayer. Will God not give good gifts to his children? Yes, if you ask Him. The prayer of the righteous availeth much, and the prayer of the faithful will surely be answered. Ask not only for temporal blessings, we need spiritual blessings as well; not only pardon, justification, but also sanctification in order to attain unto eternal redemption. The latter rain, in the form of the Holy Spirit, is needed to ripen the sheaves for the final harvest.

A SNAKE IN HIS STOMACH.

ASHLAND, Pa., Aug. 11.—Anthony Rowland, a hotel keeper of this place, after suffering for several months from what he supposed was cramps, on Saturday night vomited a live carpet snake, nine inches long and thick as a lead pencil. Lately Rowland has been eating enough for two men, but is in an awfully emaciated condition. Drinking from a spring at night is probably how the snake got in his stomach.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Trinites, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Ringworm, Itch, Skin Eruptions, and positively cures all that can be cured. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by J. W. Culbert, Druggist, Collegeville, Pa.

BARN BURNED.

The Swiss barn of Peter Boyer, of Upper Salford township, near Schuylkill, together with the surrounding outbuildings, crops, farming implements, four hogs, one calf and wagons, was destroyed by fire last Friday evening at a loss of about \$5000, which is partly covered by insurance in the Goshenhook Mutual Fire Insurance Company. The blaze was first discovered about 3.30 o'clock by one of the farm hands of Mr. Boyer, and he, after sounding an alarm, succeeded in rescuing two horses and twelve cows from the burning structure, which was two stories in height, half stone and half frame. The supposition prevails that the fire was the work of an incendiary, as investigation showed that it had started in the piggery, which was located about 20 feet from the barn.

NOT A PICNIC.

Yea, verily, the existence of a newspaper scribe is not a summer day picnic in the shade within reaching distance of lemonade, peach pie, and red ants. The scribe is doomed to wake from most any morning to meet before the old king of daylight goes to bed, various specimens of August sunburn, tall and short, lean and fat—representing idiosyncrasies firmly fixed by a long line of evolutionary descent—calculated to make him feel that life in the absence of some people would be as dull as a donkey's. The scribe can no more escape the frisky potency of the specimens than he can fly to Mars and sample the viands of the Maristes. He is bound to be caught now and then and wedged in between huge chunks of wisdom, there to swelter until the gods release their hold and he again becomes free to breathe in open space under a clear sky. And why shouldn't the scribe exist as a free-for-all helter-skelter hit him again? Why? Why of course he should. He must know that he lives in a world of ups and downs, with gods here and devils there, with sunshine on the mountain and deep mists in the valley. If he is criticised by the wise he must submit meekly and wonder why in creation his skull wasn't built thinner at the start and why some craniums don't bifurcate on a line with the occipital bone under pressure from within. Let him wonder and gain wisdom instead of being howled down in abasement in the presence of August superiority, and be a good boy. If he doesn't know how to report a report or size up a particular item of interest or a happening of prodigious importance, it is high noon for him to begin to know how instead of hunting a fence corner to engage in pessimistic reflections. A scribe is a scribe, and so long as he is a scribe he must be, not in the fullness of his imagination like some folks who know all about the work of a scribe at a safe distance from influences which induce free perspiration, but as a real scribe, however dull, inefficient, and unimaginative. If he wants to be something else he must go to mill for a while, and give the

RAILROADS.	
PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.	
Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:	
FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.	
Milk	6:37 a. m.
Accommodation	8:02 a. m.
Market	12:30 p. m.
Accommodation	4:11 p. m.
FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.	
Mail	7:33 a. m.
Accommodation	9:06 a. m.
Market	12:30 p. m.
Accommodation	5:46 p. m.
SUNDAYS—SOUTH.	
Milk	6:36 a. m.
Accommodation	8:01 a. m.
NORTH.	
Accommodation	7:54 a. m.
Milk	5:37 p. m.
PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.	
SHORT AND DIRECT ROUTE TO PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, NEW ENGLAND, THE SOUTH AND WEST.	
On and after May 14, 1893,	
TRAINS LEAVE COLLEGEVILLE	
(Via Perkiomen R. R., connecting at Perkiomen Junction) as follows:	
FOR PHILADELPHIA—week days, 6:27, 8:02, a. m., 12:56, 4:11, p. m. Sundays, 8:36, a. m., 4:30, p. m.	
FOR NEW YORK—week days, 6:27, 8:02, a. m., 12:56, 4:11, p. m. Sunday, 6:36, a. m., 4:30 p. m.	
FOR PHOENIXVILLE, PORTERSVILLE AND READING—week days, 8:02, a. m., 12:56, 4:11, p. m. Sundays, 6:36, a. m., 4:30 p. m.	
Trains for Baltimore, Washington, the South and West, via B. & O. R. R., leave Market and 12th Street Station, (P. & R. R.) at 3:45, 7:45, 11:55, a. m., 5:55, 9:47, 7:29, 8:25, p. m.	
ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.	
Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut Street Wharf and South Street Wharf,	
FOR ATLANTIC CITY.	
Week days—Express, 8:00, 9:00, 10:45, a. m. (Saturdays, 1:30, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 4:30, 5:15 p. m. Excursion, 7:00 a. m. Accommodation 8:00 a. m., 4:30, 5:45 p. m.	
Sundays—Express, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 10:00 a. m., 4:30 p. m. Accommodation, 8:00 a. m. and 4:45 p. m.	
RETURNING, LEAVE ATLANTIC CITY	
Depot, corner of Atlantic and Arkansas Avenues.	
Week days—Express, (Mondays, only) 6:45, 7:00, 7:35, 9:30 a. m., and 3:15, 4:00, 4:30, 5:15, 7:30, 9:30 p. m. Accommodation, 5:50, 8:10 a. m., and 4:30 p. m. Excursion, from foot of Mississippi avenue only, 6:00 p. m.	
Sundays—Express, 8:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00 and 9:30 p. m. Accommodation 7:30 a. m. and 5:05 p. m.	
I. A. SWEIGARD, Gen. Pass. Ag't.	
C. G. HANCOCK, General Superintendent.	

Department of Agriculture.

FARM NOTES.

Ashes will always give good results on light, sandy soil, and lime has been found one of the best fertilizers for such soils.

An acre of clover will produce more pork than an acre of corn, and the pork will be of better quality than that produced from corn.

The average yield of milk per cow in England for one year is about 2000 gallons, which is an excellent average, but which should be larger.

The mammoth Russian sunflower is coming into favor as a crop, the heads of seeds having been found of great value as an addition to the ration of cows.

Is your land good enough to stand two crops a year? If it is not, then don't let a crop of weeds follow the crop you take off first. If it will stand double cropping, then let both be something of value.

A comprehensive report on the melon fields of South Carolina, given in the Charleston News and Courier, shows 4115 acres planted, with probable yield of 1099 cars, against 3871 acres and 981 cars last year.

A prominent sheep breeder, who places higher value on lambs than on wool, states that if wool was the only product of sheep, it would cost 50 cents per pound, but as lambs are the medium of profit the wool should cost nothing.

The farm needs for its work stout, chunky, "low down" horses, that can draw fair loads and move with some facility and agility. The fast walker is a great treasure where loads preclude for the most part the possibility of trotting much.

A well-bred lamb should weigh 150 pounds, when ten months old; that is, every lamb in the flock should be fully up to that weight. Lambs that have been bred from choice stock, and forced, have been made to attain such weight when six months old.

Taxes for good roads is the best investment a farmer can make. Hauling a load over a road may require half of a day or only one hour, according to the condition of the road. Good roads save time, labor, wear of animals and vehicles, and offer greater inducements to growing larger crops.

If an animal is stunted at any time during its life, it will affect the profit to be derived from future feeding. The greatest loss from impaired nutrition will come if the animal is stunted while very young. It has not then sufficient vitality to easily overcome the damage. Whatever you do, be sure and feed the young animals well.

If the poultry yard has become very foul by long occupancy with a flock of hens it will prevent disease among the fowls by changing them to a new location, while the yard that is vacated should be plowed and used in the Spring for a garden. It will need no manure, and there will be a prospect for securing very large crops of vegetables.

Look about and see if your market is not short of one of these three things. Currants, gooseberries or blackberries. We rarely find any except the large cities abundantly supplied with all three. None of them are difficult to cultivate, all yield largely and regularly, and if you go at them rightly you will find a satisfactory profit in any of them.

If you intend to plant more fruits, don't put it off until next Spring. The Fall is the best season for this work, for no other reason than because it affords most leisure. We know men who have been for years intending to plant fruits, but by always putting it off until Spring, when they were busy with other things, it has never been done.

Crab grass is a most persistent weed at this season, and though it may easily be destroyed when young it requires more labor than can be given after it has made growth. Its roots are large and have a strong hold in the soil. To keep down crab grass the soil should be cultivated after each rain, or whenever the young plants show that the seed has germinated.

How many farmers ever know what an acre of grass or clover is actually worth for feeding? There is no doubt that it could be used to better advantage for different kinds of stock if one knew how much gain of each could be made on it. It is not very difficult to determine this if you will weigh the stock before turning out, and again when you take them off the grass.

When you pull the onion crop take them out of the ground while the soil is dry and while there is promise of a continuance of good weather for a few days. Let them lay until thoroughly dry before storing away. If piled up when moist, or when any damp earth clings to the tubers, it will be difficult to prevent them from spoiling, but if thoroughly dry there are few crops that can be more safely stored.

Milk the cows in the stable. It is much better than the old way of outdoor milking. The flies are not so troublesome, and the cows are not running around the yard, causing the milk to follow, two or three times in the course of the operation. Give each cow a little grain, if no more than enough to encourage her to go readily to her place in the clean milking stable.—American Agriculturist.

Study the surroundings before you paint the house. If there are trees about don't select green; a light grey, or even white is better. Startling colors show bad taste. I passed a frame house recently that had red, blue, yellow, pink and black in layers from foundation to chimney. The trees near seemed to hang their heads in shame. Another, not far from there, was painted coal black, with no relieving color whatever. It made one think of a charnel house.

At the present low price of wheat it will require extremely good cultivation to get a crop that will repay its cost. But don't imagine that the low price is sufficient excuse for slack methods. Then it will be certain not to pay. If you put it in at all, do it the very best that you can. But perhaps it would be well to see if you cannot use some other crop in its place, which would give promise of better return. By this means you will also help to reduce the wheat acreage, and that is one road to higher prices.

Though white clover does not grow large enough to cut for hay, it has a thick mat close to the ground, and is one of the very best pasture plants, bearing close clipping and quickly growing up again when stock is removed. The plant persists by rooting on the surface as well as from its seed, which is found plentifully in the heads of bloom at nearly all times of the growing season. Its seed remains in the soil many years if conditions are not favorable to its growth. Hence it often reappears where the grasses have failed after two or three seasons in hoed crops and without any seed of it being sown.

The total exports of wheat and flour from this country for the crop year will be about 185,000,000 bushels, and a larger amount has gone in the form of flour than last year. The domestic requirements for bread and seed are about 360,000,000 bushels. This, with the exports, would make 30,000,000 bushels more than the 1892 crop was estimated at, but as Statistician Dodge admitted, it was under-estimated, and the enormous visible supply confirms it.

We do not believe it necessary to make expensive hog houses. If they are warm in Winter and cool in Summer, and have enough flooring for the pigs to stand on while eating from their trough, the pigs will do as well as in a house costing \$200 or \$300. A house roofed and partly underground answers this demand. Hogs like a cool place in Summer, and a ground floor, if frequently changed, is better for them than is a plank floor.

The character of the soil and its component parts may sometimes be known by the crops which grow upon it. For instance, a lack of nitrogen is indicated when plants are pale green in color. A bright deep green is a sign that nitrogen is not lacking, but more may be used. A luxuriant growth with such plants as corn, grass, cabbage and potatoes is evidence of a great supply of potash in the soil.

Stable manure is more lasting than fertilizers, but not as beneficial in giving immediate results. The manure does not decompose until the second or third year, while fertilizers, which are more soluble, are converted into plant food in a single season. Though the manure may appear more lasting and permanent, it does not supply as much plant food each year as its equivalent in fertilizers.

Keep well in mind the fact that by increasing the yield per acre you lessen the cost of production. You do not have to double the crop to double the profit, as is the case where you double the amount of land in order to accomplish the same result.

Straw is an indispensable material at all seasons. As the straw stacks are now being made it is well to remind those who have placed but little value on straw that it will pay to stack straw carefully, or stow it under a shed. Bright, clean straw may be used as cattle feed when the hay is short, and it is unwise to waste it in allowing stock to trample it, as is usually the case. Its real value to the farmers is much greater than its market price.

Suffer in Silence

As Modest Sensitive Women Generally do.

To all such women who from some functional derangement or weakness need advice, we would say that Dr. David Kennedy, one of the best known physicians in New York City, who has had a large experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, offers his well-known Favorite Remedy to them. It will cure you of nervous sick headache, backache, spineache, bloating, internal heat, or scalding urine. If you have uterine catarrh, or irregular periods, irregular menstruation or leucorrhoea. If you have a tired ache at the top of the head, back of the neck, and base of the brain, or any of the many attending evils that are present in female complaints, you should take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y., for it will dispel these tired looks, restore and strengthen the nervous system, and cure the most complicated of feminine sicknesses. If you value good health, you use Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

STORMY VACATION DAYS MADE PLEASANT

—Did you ever have a vacation that was not a vacation? Reading is what most people fall back on at such times and nothing is better to drive away the blues than a short crisp story or a few good jokes. Our special offer of 25 back numbers of the Waverley Magazine, of different dates, for \$1.00 postpaid, will supply you with about 400 short, clean and complete stories, jokes, etc. The same amount of reading in the trashy 25c. novel would cost you \$12. Send stamp for sample. Address, WAVELEY MAGAZINE, Box 172, Boston, Mass.

NORRISTOWN HERALD BOOK BINDERY

Binding, Job Printing, Book Binding, Printing, Pasting, Numbering, Blank Books for Banks and Business Houses, given special attention. Magazines bound and repaired done quickly and cheaply. Estimates cheerfully furnished. Address, MORGAN B. WILLS, Proprietor.

FARMERS,

—BUY—

Trinley's Fertilizers!

They are Honestly Made from Animal Matter, and Lasting.

The Analysis of RAW BONE PHOSPHATE by the State Chemist Proves that in Soluble Phosphoric Acid, Potash, and Ammonia, it takes the very Highest Rank.

TRINLEY'S \$25.00

High-Grade Ravine Bone Phosphate

ACTS QUICKLY, AND HAS GIVEN UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.

I have been selling these fertilizers for several seasons, and all who have used them have been well pleased with the results obtained both in grain and grass. Trinley's Phosphates are always reliable.

F. P. FARINGER, Agent, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

LEWIS E. GRIFFIN, PORT PROVIDENCE, PA., —AGENT FOR—

Ammoniated Bone!

MANUFACTURED BY THE Maryland Fertilizing Company

The AMMONIATED BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE is one of the best Fertilizers in the market; its quality is high and it does not lose its strength by being kept on hand; it contains all the elements necessary for a complete manure, essential to the full development of straw and grain and grass.

I have handled these fertilizers three years with very satisfactory results. Prices, from \$22 to \$30 per ton.

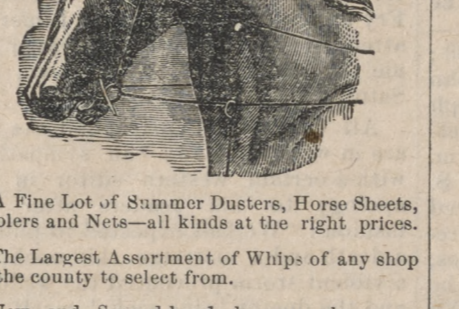
THE JONES LOCKED WIRE FENCE

With Stock Proof Lock.

Neat, Strong, Durable and Cheap!

This Fence is unequalled for farm purposes; it is made of the only cheap and durable iron pipe; expansion and contraction under tension; control of the lock; it requires but few posts; having strength, without much surface, it is not affected by severe winds or snow storms; it will save ten feet in width of the ground now occupied by rail fence—this will save four acres of ground on every hundred acres now fenced with rails. Upon careful examination every farmer will want it. We will wire up this fence from 40 to 50 cents per rod. Address or call on the undersigned for descriptive circulars and further information.

JAMES G. DETWILER, A. J. ASHENFELTER, Montg. Co. YERKES, PA.



A Fine Lot of Summer Dusters, Horse Sheets, Coolers and Nets—all kinds at the right prices.

The Largest Assortment of Whips of any shop in the county to select from.

New and Second-hand harness always on hand. Fair Leather saddles from \$4.00 up, and bridles to match from \$1.50 up. Open bridles, all round, \$2.00 up.

W. E. JOHNSON, PROVIDENCE SQUARE, PA.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

50c. 50c. and 1.00 per Bottle.

Cures Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all the ailments of the throat and lungs. For Consumption it has no equal. It is sold by all druggists and is guaranteed to cure you if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For Lame Back or Rheumatism, use SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

ARE YOU GOING TO THE World's Fair

It is estimated that 15,000,000 people will visit the Fair. The question is, how shall so many be accommodated without being unreasonably charged for accommodations? The Chicago Renting Agency, a reliable Company, is issuing certificates to visitors for lodging quarters at the cheapest possible rates for good accommodations.

I have taken the agency to represent them in Montgomery county and will furnish any number of certificates. Rates will be from \$1.00, \$1.50 to \$2.00 for best accommodations. Anyone wishing a certificate can get one by calling on me or addressing me at Collegeville. Each certificate will be issued for 50 Cents, which amount will be accepted in part payment of Lodging.

F. P. FARINGER, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

FOR YOUR ENTERPRISE MARBLE WORKS

ROYERSFORD, Mont. Co., Pa.

I would announce to my friends and the public that I am now prepared to furnish

ALL KINDS OF MARBLE WORK

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

MONUMENTS and Tombstones, of Italian or American Marble or Granite, in the finest and latest designs.

Galvanized - Railings,

For Enclosing Burial Lots, of different descriptions. Particular attention paid to Marble Work, for the bases of BUILDINGS, STEPS, SILLS, ETC., ETC.

All work Guaranteed to give Satisfaction, and put up in a workmanlike manner. Any design furnished at short notice. Chairs furnished for use at the Cemetery in the neighborhood, which has been turned out at the ENTERPRISE WORKS. Call and see my and get prices. My expenses are low; therefore I can sell accordingly. My motto: "Low prices and fair dealings."

R. S. BUCKWALTER, D. Theo. Buckwalter.

HATS! -:- Retailled at Wholesale Prices. -:- HATS!

I am positively the only Hat Manufacturer in Norristown, and carry a large variety of

Soft, Stiff, Silk and Straw Hats, the Soft Crown and Stiff Brim of my own make and in a variety of styles and colors, a specialty. In straw I can show you a large variety of the most popular shapes before the public.

L. M. LOWNES, HAT MANUFACTURER, Mowday's Building, Main Street, Below MD, NORRISTOWN.

No other firm ever did or ever will sell perfect goods at as low prices as Weitzenkorns.

We will positively carry nothing over

There are still stacks of goods left which were sent us by our Wilkes-Barre branch, which must be disposed of. The prices we have placed upon this clothing must eventually tempt the shrewdest buyer. A short time yet when these bargains will be a thing of the past. They cannot last much longer. We propose this month to prove to the satisfaction of every intelligent person that it is folly to invest in inferior clothing when there's a house capable of selling the best at prices no other dealer can hope to meet. The early looker will have the advantage of best selection, and every looker will be a buyer.

IMAGINE

Men's Suits, nearly all wool, at \$4.00, worth \$6.00.

Men's all wool Suits, were \$9 and \$10, now \$5.

Men's all wool Suits, can be worn the year round, \$6.50, former price \$10.

Men's double breasted all wool Homespun Suits, former price \$12, now go for \$6.50

Men's Suits, guaranteed to be worth fully \$14, now go for \$8.00.

Men's very fine double and single breasted Suits, all shades, formerly sold at \$12, \$18 and \$14, all go at \$9.50.

Men's extra fine black Worsted Suits, worth fully \$14, now go at \$9.00.

A. WEITZENKORN & SONS,

The Largest and Squarest Clothier's in Interior Pennsylvania.

141 & 143 High Street, Pottstown, Pa.

STEAM HEATING!

The Superiority of STEAM in comparison with the OLD METHODS OF HEATING cannot be questioned, for twice as much heat can be obtained from the same amount of fuel than can be had from the old way of stove heating. Then another very important consideration is that all the dust and dirt, incident to burning coal, can be confined to a portion of the cellar instead of floating about all the rooms in the house. Steam Heating has come to stay. Do you wish to secure its advantages?

If you do, you are heading directly towards our line of business, and we want your order. We can supply you with just what you want, guarantee your satisfaction, and give you full worth of your money. We have placed a number of Steam Heaters and in every instance our work has proved satisfactory. Call on or address

The Roberts Machine Company, Collegeville, Pa.

Springbrook Stock Farm.

SEASON OF 1893.

I desire to call the especial attention of breeders to the fact that considering blood, style, coats, color and size and price of service, I am offering as much as can be found anywhere. The following Stallions will stand for the season:

ADMINISTRATOR, JR., Kentucky bred, 16 hands high, glossy bay, black points, weighs 1250 in stud condition.

ABDALLAH WILKES, by Simmons, he by George Wilkes. He is a black horse, colby built, weighs about 1100. A first prize winner at two Fairs.

MAY BOY, brother to May Day, 2:27 1/2, sired by Dominon, he by Red Wilkes. This young bay horse is unusually promising.

Full pedigrees of each horse furnished upon application.

Chargers - From \$5 to \$20. Don't allow these low charges to mislead you. My special aim is to furnish fine horse qualities at extremely low figures.

I will take special pains in showing stock and in giving full and correct particulars.

JOHN G. FETTEROLF, YERKES, PA.

TO FARMERS AND STOCK RAISERS!

WILKES will stand for the season at the residence of the undersigned, near the Montgomery Almshouse.

ABDALLAH WILKES, sired by Simmons, No. 1478, 3-year-old race record 2:28, third heat; a full brother to Ross Wilkes, race record 2:17; Simmons is the sire of 30 in the 2:30 list and 4 in the 2:14 list race records; he by George Wilkes, race record 2:22; he by Kydyk's Hambletonian, No. 10. First dam, Lucy Talbot, 3-year-old race record 2:35; a public trial in 2:30 by Farnon's Abdallah; he by Alexander's Abdallah No. 15. Second dam by Cassius M. Clay, Jr., No. 22, sire of 30 in the 2:30 list. Third dam by American Star, also sire of 30 in the 2:30 list. Third dam by Imported Boston, thoroughbred.

Individually, Abdallah Wilkes is a beautiful black horse, 15 hands and 3/4 inches high, kind and gentle in all harness, in shape, general build, and style, he is the peer of any stallion in Montgomery or Chester counties, and with but little handling has shown a fast trotting gait.

At the Pottstown Fair he took second premium as a yearling in a class of 16; as a two-year-old he was not shown; as a three-year-old he took first premium in a class of 21; as a four-year-old he took first premium in a class of 18 of all ages.

TERMS - \$30 for the season, with the privilege of returning. The same owner breeding two mares will be charged \$50. The party getting the first colt from Abdallah Wilkes to trot a mile in 2:30, or a pair a mile in 2:35, will receive a premium of \$250, and the second \$125.

M. E. ANDERSON

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its superior qualities are unassailable, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat or cold. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

If you have anything to sell, advertise it in the Independent.

COLLEGEVILLE BAKERY!

JOHN T. KEYSER, Prop'r.

FRESH BREAD, ROLLS, &c., &c., EVERY MORNING

Ice Cream, Different flavors, during the season. Parties, Pic-Nics and weddings supplied at short notice, on reasonable terms.

J. A. JOHNSON, BUTCHER AND DEALER IN THE BEST BEEF, VEAL AND MUTTON.

Visite Collegeville, Trappe, and vicinity on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings of each week. Thankful to the public for past favors he invites continued patronage. Highest cash price paid for calves.

12 Jan. J. A. JOHNSON.

COLLEGEVILLE BAKERY!

JOHN T. KEYSER, Prop'r.

FRESH BREAD, ROLLS, &c., &c., EVERY MORNING

Ice Cream, Different flavors, during the season. Parties, Pic-Nics and weddings supplied at short notice, on reasonable terms.

J. A. JOHNSON, BUTCHER AND DEALER IN THE BEST BEEF, VEAL AND MUTTON.

Visite Collegeville, Trappe, and vicinity on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings of each week. Thankful to the public for past favors he invites continued patronage. Highest cash price paid for calves.

12 Jan. J. A. JOHNSON.

Collegeville Meat Store

A FULL SUPPLY OF Fresh and Smoked Meats - AND - BOLOGNAS Always on hand.

PORK AND SAUSAGE AND SCRAPPLE in season. Favor me with your orders.

13 Jan. SAMUEL GOULDY.

Scientific American Agency for PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and prospectus, apply to J. A. JOHNSON, 301 Broadway, New York.

Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given in the Scientific American.

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Send for prospectus. Intelligent men should be without it. Address: J. A. JOHNSON, 301 Broadway, New York City.

Raw Bone Manures for Potatoes, Corn, Oats, Wheat, Buckwheat, Rye, Pasture Lands, etc.

The value of finely ground bone as an excellent fertilizer is well known. The original manufacturers of Raw Bone Manure, Messrs. H. H. ROBINSON & SONS, of Philadelphia, Pa., have been manufacturing this fertilizer since 1850, and their product is well known to all farmers who are looking for a fertilizer that will give the most reliable results. The figures given below are not the selling prices of Hough's Raw Bone Manure, but the actual value for the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture. The well known excellence of their product is shown by the fact that their manure is sold in 1893, in sufficient quantities to supply the entire country.

The figures given below are not the selling prices of Hough's Raw Bone Manure, but the actual value for the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture. The well known excellence of their product is shown by the fact that their manure is sold in 1893, in sufficient quantities to supply the entire country.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE WILL DO IT

Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair. Best in the world.

\$5.00 \$3.00
\$4.00 \$2.00
\$3.50 \$2.00
\$2.50 \$1.75
\$2.00 \$1.75

FOR BOYS FOR MISSES

If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest style, don't pay \$5 to \$8, try my \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00 or \$5 shoe. They fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Name and price stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

H. H. ROBINSON, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

PATENTS

Caveats and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent Business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office. We have no sub-agents, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at less cost than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual cases in your State, county, or town. Address, C. A. SNOW & CO., 140c Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE!

The most desirable Building Lot in Collegeville—on Broadway. Apply to E. S. MOSER, this office.

OLD HORSES and DEAD HORSES and COWS will be removed by the undersigned upon request. Highest price paid for worn-out horses. THEO. M. CASSELLBERRY, Lower Providence, Pa.